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twilight, good in a study of purple; J. A. Monks, a strong and sombre "After a Shower," full of the spirit of the scene; Helen M. Knowlton, a wood interior study, vigorous and honest; Albert Thompson, a Normandy landscape, low in tone, and sincere in feeling; E. L. Weeks, several Eastern subjects that deserve more extended mention; and others are represented by works that must be even more slightly passed over.

Ernest Longfellow, the son of the poet, recently made the first exhibition of his works, which completely surprised every one. While it was generally known that Mr. Longfellow's pictures were almost invariably good, it was not expected that they would stand the test of showing to advantage in a body. This, in fact, they did—not only not detracting from each other, but rather adding to each other's merits. The collection, in truth, was quite remarkable. Nature's innate richness was more than hinted at. It was realized in its most perfect sense, so far as oils and colors can express it. The general tone was pleasing, the feeling crisp, the touch free and graceful. The subjects were invariably fresh, and there was no mannerism but that of nature in a most pleasing mood. Whether we walk with the artist through the Cambridge lanes, or look across Brighton meadows in the "perfect days" of June, or even still earlier, when the greens of the grass and foliage are more delicately toned with gray; or whether we go, in August, down along the Manchester coast, and look out on the blue waters of the Atlantic, intensified by a study of the reddish rock that there abounds; or walk with him by the waters of Thun or Como or Maggiore, in Switzerland and Italy,—we shall see nature at her best, and breathe in the inspiration of the poet and the artist at his bidding. The atmospheric qualities of the pictures were quite marked, presented in many of them with a warmth and a subtlety exceedingly charming. Their color was not only rich, but transparent and permeating. Mr. Longfellow is entirely and delightfully original. He follows no model but his own self-acquired knowledge, and copies no master but the nature he sees before him. He is too profound and careful a student to be a copyist. He is neither finical in his delineations nor slovenly in his masses. There is an honesty of purpose apparent in his work, and an earnestness of execution also, toned and tempered by a deep feeling of poetry, without which an artist is only half a one. His sunny pictures are full of dancing, shimmering light; and the grayest and cloudiest show that the sun is somewhere not far off. It is this element of cheerfulness, this looking on the sunny side of nature, that lent such a pleasing character to the collection as a whole, and possibly brought so many good judges to the sale which followed the exhibition—at this writing the only successful sale of the season. Mr. Longfellow goes to Europe shortly, to continue his studies.

—Earl Marble.

ART IN LONDON—II.

AN HOUR WITH COROT, AT COTTIER'S.

MESSRS. COTTIER & Co., in Pall Mall, are giving themselves up to Corot just now. The works of this artist are of very great interest as well as excellence: they are among the few (modernly speaking, among the very few) for which it is possible to feel, not an intellectual admiration merely, but a warm emotional affection. Corot's misty treatment is a marvel which one scarcely estimates at its full worth, perhaps, till after having seen the woolly crudities of even his best imitators. His pictures repay an indefinite amount of study. They are a haze, peering through which we come at last to life and nature's self. The breeze blows in them, the trees wave and whisper, the sun has a gentle warmth, the waters are cool. Such are the impressions he produces. Many persons are offended with him, at first: but others see more deeply into his poetic landscapes, day by day; and there certainly seems to be no modern landscape painter so profound and fascinating as he.

His largest work here is a moonlight scene—nymphs in faintly shimmering raiment dancing in a

ring beside a stream; Cupid dances with them, and hiding behind the trees on the right, a young man looks on. The "shimmer" of the moonlight on the rainbow-tinted garments is perhaps the most subtle effect in the picture. It appears continually to shift and alight on new places. There is an *abandon*—an absence of conventional grace, in the drawing of the various poses, which brings a singular impression of reality into the midst of this fairy vision. These nymphs are alive, and have no idea of sitting for their portraits. Cupid, probably, is in the young man's secret; but the nymphs are unconstrained by suspicion of any foreign presence. There is a shadowy little temple in the dusky background, whence, it may be, they have escaped for an hour's gambol under the soft moon. But there is a plot hatching!

For a contrast to this there stands a small canvas, containing a scene as commonplace as a cow standing in a lazy stream which slumbers away through level meadows into the background—can make it. The cow, of course, has got beneath the shadow of a tree growing on the left bank of the shallow: an elderly tree, of generous expanse, evidently accustomed to overshadowing kine and fond of doing so. The sky which enlightens this fair stretch of meadow is one of the artist's best. It is a morning sky, with a fresh breeze blowing toward us from the west, stirring and tumbling about amidst innumerable little waves of bright and gray cloudlets. The movement of this breeze is so skillfully suggested that the spectator almost feels it blowing cool on his cheek. Moreover, it would be easy to give a shrewd guess at the precise temperature of this morning hour. Between 65 and 70 degrees, Fahrenheit, I should say, beneath the shade of that tree; last night's shower has lowered the mercury a trifle below the average.

It is not easy to avoid thinking of these pictures as of real scenes: we forget, and delight to forget, the formulas of art in describing them. The longer and closer we look, the more we believe in them, and the less does ordinary criticism seem to apply to them. A third subject shows a peasant's hut in a clearing: in the foreground a tree has been overthrown, and the peasant's wife—a woman who, though nothing but a blur on near inspection, and scarcely two inches high, appears, at the proper distance, to be a somewhat harsh-featured but good-natured dame of forty-five, with coarse hands and a wrinkled throat,—is gathering from its prone branches a fagot of French sticks to boil the pot withal. The cottage is small and bare, its rough framework covered with white plaster, which lights up pleasantly against the dark wood behind. The spot must be several miles from the nearest village. The husband has just come forth with his ax, and is trudging off forestward. There is something profoundly French about it all; though why it should not look just as much American or English, is impossible to say. A Frenchman might tell us just what patois the peasant and his wife talk.

A fourth gives us a woodland brook, at the point where a narrow wood path crosses it—the margins of the brook at the crossing being rather boggy. It is late evening: there has been a heavy shower during the afternoon, but it has now cleared off, and we see through the black mass of the tall trees a fine orange afterglow of sunset. Loneliness and silence are the prominent impressions; and we seem to have lost our way in the forest, and to have come to a standstill beside this brook. Presently, and not without a start, we become aware that we are not alone: a woman is stooping down in the shadow of the further margin, filling a pail with water. Evidently, therefore, there is a hut not far off, round the dusky bend of that moist path. Another peculiarity of Corot's landscapes,—the only other one I have now space to mention,—is the feeling they produce that the sun rises on them, reaches his apogee, and sets; that anon the moon and stars appear; that clouds, rain, and snow may all have their day. It is only by chance that we see them under the aspect they wear. If it be foul weather tomorrow, so will it be likewise on these magic canvases. They are not fixed and immutable; but time passes and changes with them as elsewhere in the world. So, if we gaze yet an hour at this sunset

scene, yonder orange glow will have faded away; the maid with the water-pails will have had her supper, and perhaps have gone to bed; the frogs will croak for a while, and then turn in too; the slender starlight will percolate down through these thick branches, and the only sound will be the soft gurgle of the brook as it parts against that outstanding stone.

February, 1876.

—Mrs. Julian Hawthorne.

"SPRING VIOLETS."

THERE is no prouder name, in modern French art, or, indeed, in any world of art belonging to modern Europe, than that of Eduard Dubufe. So many of those exquisite pieces, reproduced as nearly as black-and-white can do that justice to color, have adorned the pages of THE ALDINE at different times, that only the name is necessary to be recalled, also to recall the many pleasures experienced by art-lovers in beholding the works of that facile and most charming pencil. In nearly every detail of art Dubufe has proved his excellence, but in nothing more completely or satisfactorily than in the delineation of the "human shape divine;" and in few instances has he more pleasingly mastered that most difficult of all subjects, than in the picture in the present number, well designated "Spring Violets," from the texture of the bouquet which seems lately to have been sent to the proud and beautiful woman who furnishes at once the theme of the artist and the delight of the gazer. What can be more perfect than the pose and round of the queenly neck, the suggestion of the magnificent bust, or the mould of the splendid arm and dimpled fingers,—except possibly the skill with which the great artist, with the face more than half turned away, has yet managed to convey its whole expression, even to the pout of the full lip and the light glancing sidewise from an eye evidently equally capable of looking love or indicating withering scorn? No woman of ordinary condition is the wearer of the aigrette of rich pearls adorning the dark hair; and no mere chance gift has been the bouquet, as is well evidenced by the letter accompanying and read with so much interest, even if at the same time with the most declared pride and indolence. A most fascinating picture, this, altogether—seldom equaled even by Dubufe, and not excelled by the pencil of any modern artist—fascinating in the grand simplicity of its handling, and in the evidence which it supplies of that wealth of resource in the painter, creating a proud scorn of all those tricks in effect, so often resorted to by mediocrity.

"THE DAY IS DONE."

"THE day is done, and the darkness
Drops from the wing of night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle's wing, in flight:"
So sung, in years long faded,
The sweetest of Western bards,
Who had won (and has never lost them)
The whole world's fond regards.

And even as he in rhyming
So Davis on pictured page
Has the talent, our best fancies
In his subject to engage.
In the horses, plodding homeward,
And the tired man at their side,
We have something faithful as rural,
And well worth the artist's pride.

The plowman may well be hungry
And thirsty; and yet far less
Than the careless and quick observer
Might at first be ready to guess;
For the little boy has a pitcher,
And perhaps a "little brown jug;"
And at noontide, under the hedge-row,
They have dined, content and snug.

But "the day is done," and homeward
They are plodding, that feast to keep
Which is found in the horses unharnessed,
And the plowman buried in sleep;
And to-morrow, fresh and ruddy,
They will all be seen afield,
Making ready the teeming acres
That the autumn crop must yield.

—John Hay Furness.